



"JUNGLE VENGEANCE"

STILL
ONLY
20¢

RIMA
NO. 5
JAN.
30614

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Rima

THE JUNGLE GIRL

JOE
KUBER

K-1302



DEEP IN THE JUNGLE OF VENEZUELA... A MAN SITS AT THE EDGE OF AN UNCHARTED BRANCH OF THE ORINOCO RIVER! HIS EYES GAZE ALOFT INTO THE BLUE-GREEN HEIGHTS...

ON A TALL TREE HIGH ABOVE THE RIVER STANDS RIMA, THE JUNGLE GIRL... MOTIONLESS... A SHADOW CARESSED BY THE GLOWING FINGERS OF THE DAWN SUN...



A QUICK WAVE TO ABEL BELOW... THEN... THE SLIM GIRL FEARLESSLY HURLS HERSELF INTO THIN AIR...



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KIN TO THE WINGED
CREATURES OF THE
AIR... THEY PART TO
ALLOW HER PASSAGE
IN HER FLIGHT...

I AM NEVER
CERTAIN IF RIMA
IS REAL... EVEN
THOUGH I HAVE
HELD HER IN MY
ARMS... KISSED
HER SWEET
LIPS...

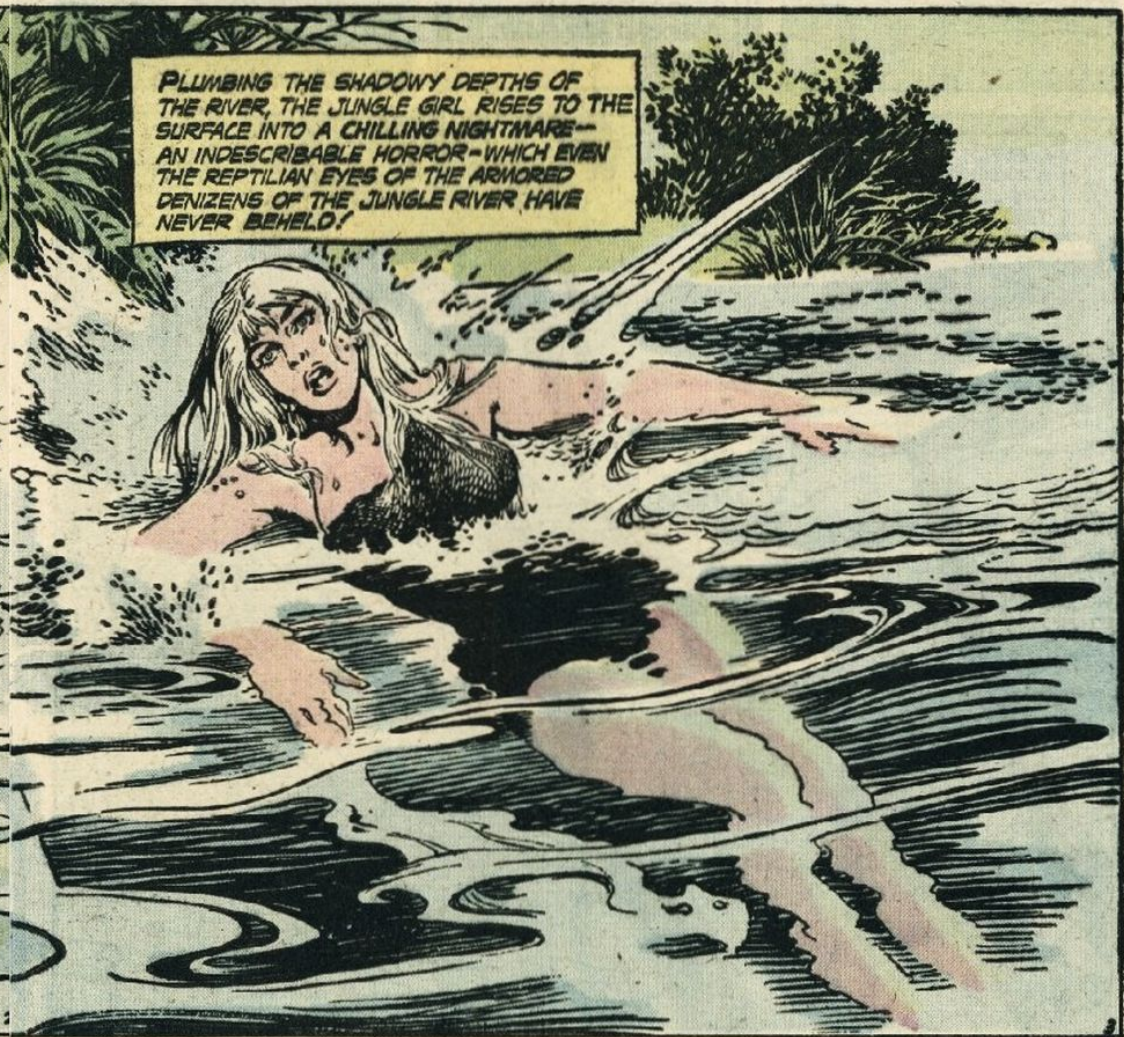
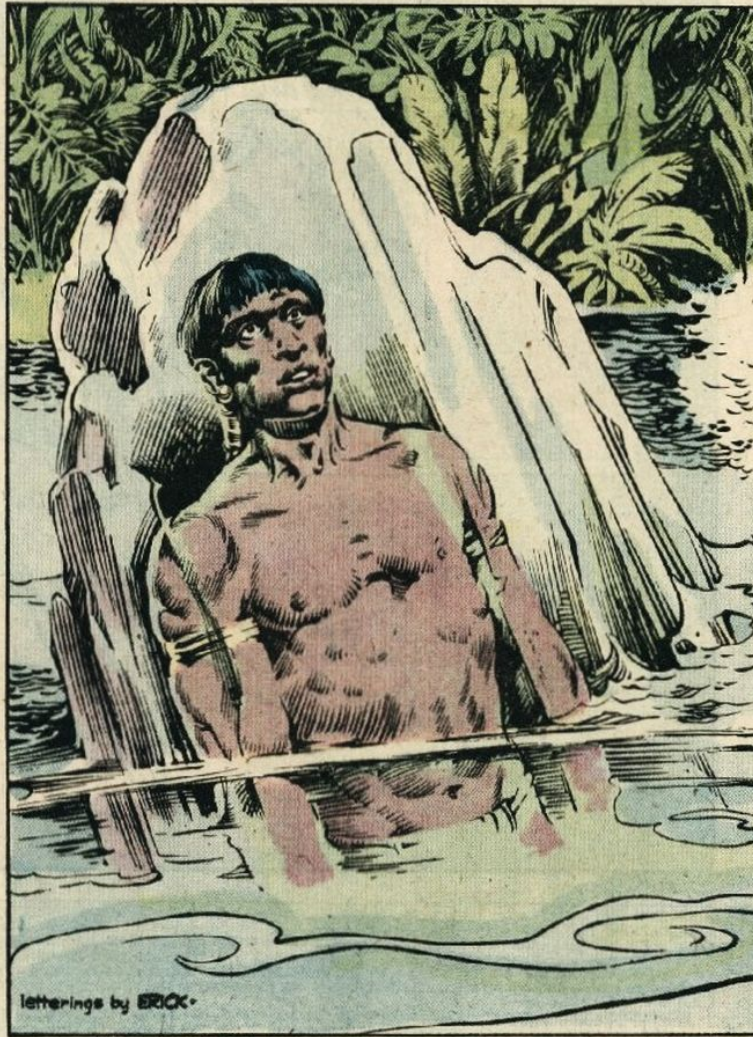
RAINBOW-COLORED FISH
WATCH HER SLICE INTO THE
WATER WITHOUT A RIPPLE...

Rima

THE
JUNGLE
GIRL

"JUNGLE VENGEANCE"

WRITER: ROBERT KANIGER
ARTIST: NESTOR REDONDO



PLUMBING THE SHADOWY DEPTHS OF
THE RIVER, THE JUNGLE GIRL RISES TO THE
SURFACE INTO A CHILLING NIGHTMARE--
AN INDESCRIBABLE HORROR--WHICH EVEN
THE REPTILIAN EYES OF THE ARMORED
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letterings by ERICK

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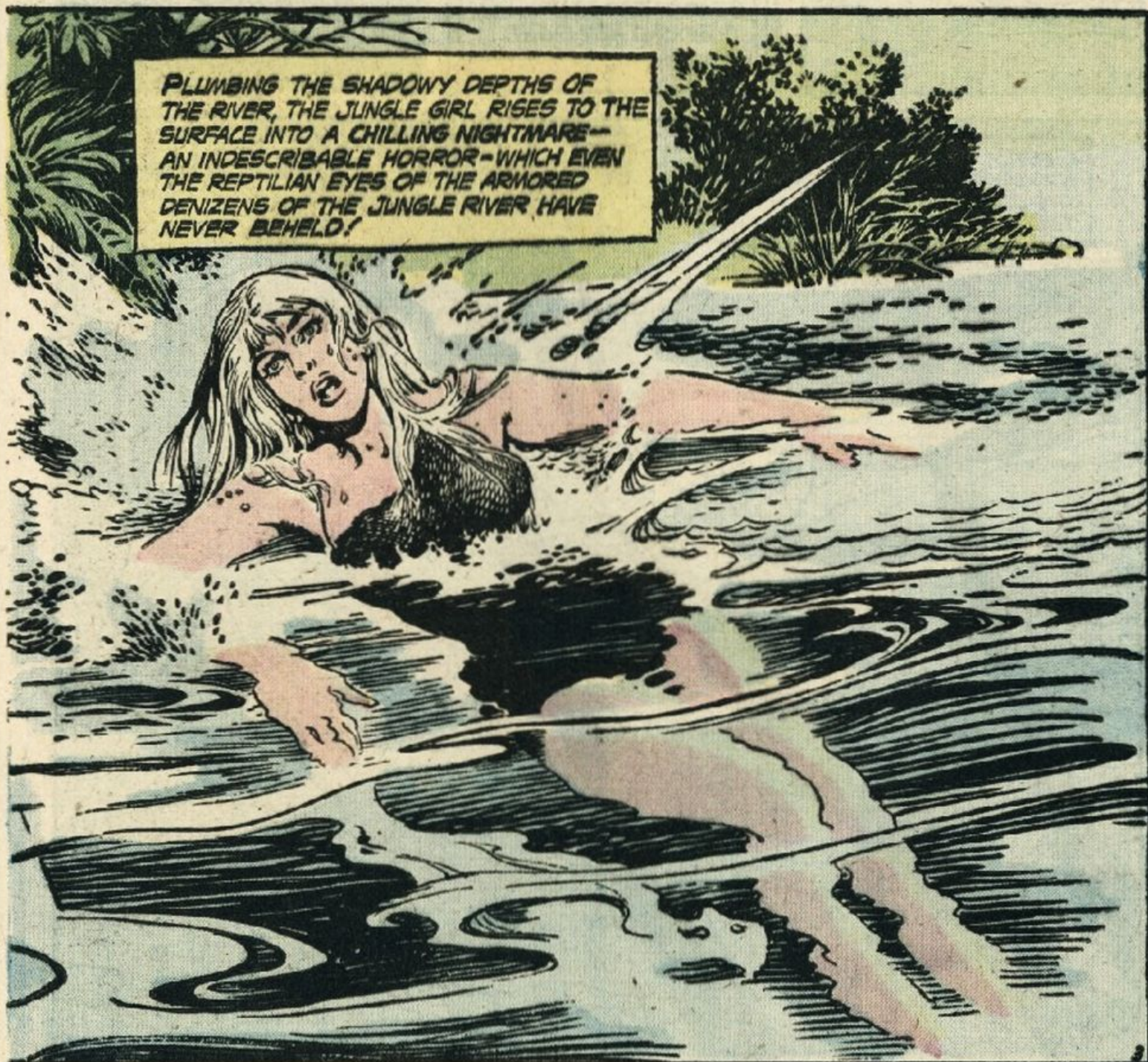
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RIMA STRAINS TO PUSH
THE ICY COFFIN TOWARDS
THE SHORE...

THIS
ROCK...
IS... SO
COLD!
I CANNOT...
MOVE IT...



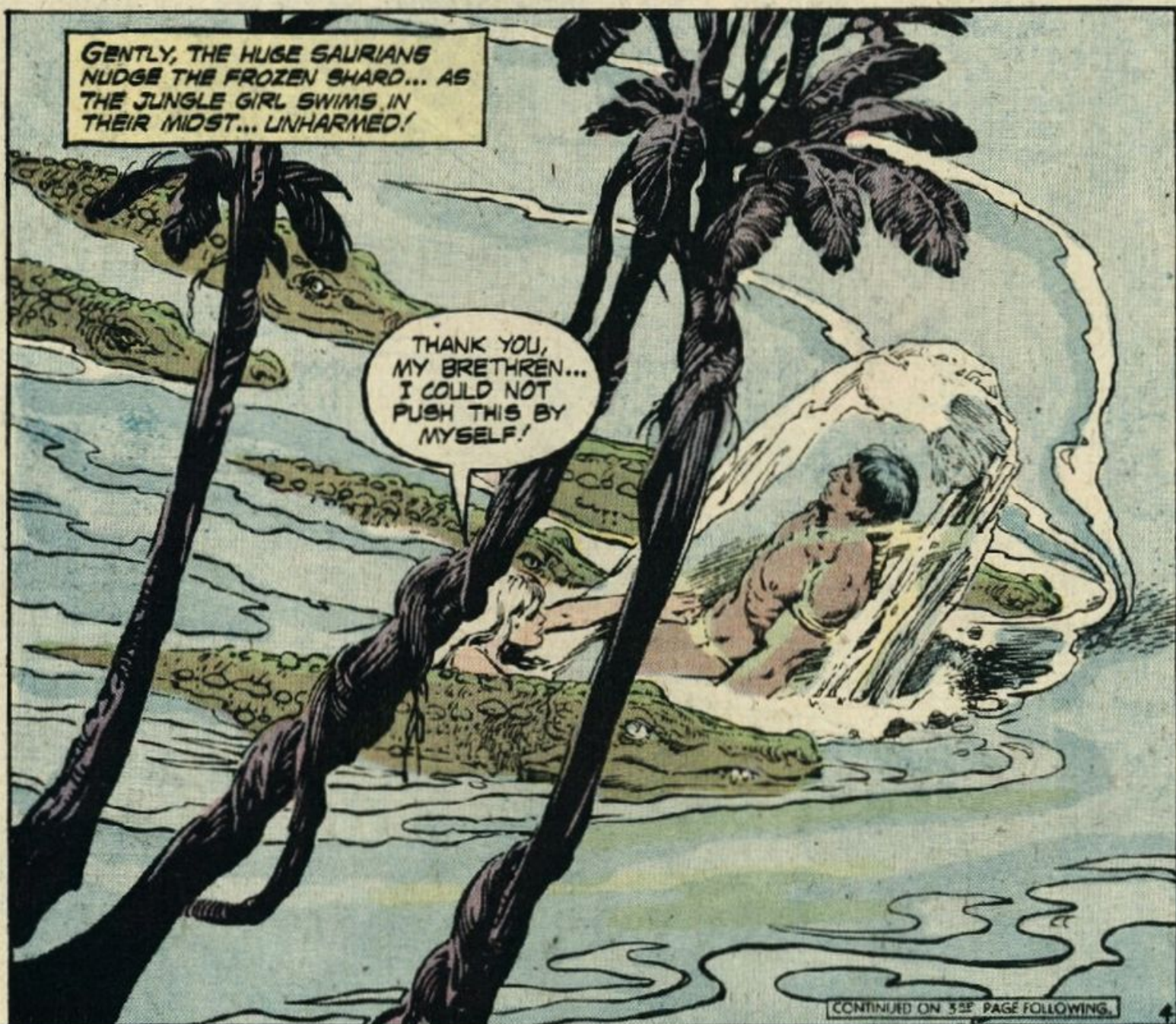
HER DARK EYES
SEARCH FOR HELP...ABEL
IS BEYOND HER SIGHT...

FROM THE REED-CHOKED
SHORE, SCALY MONSTERS
ARMED WITH RAZOR TEETH
AND LASHING TAILS ENTER
THE WATER...



GENTLY, THE HUGE SAURIANS
NUDGE THE FROZEN SHARD... AS
THE JUNGLE GIRL SWIMS IN
THEIR MIDST... UNHARMED!

THANK YOU,
MY BRETHREN...
I COULD NOT
PUSH THIS BY
MYSELF!



CONTINUED ON 35P PAGE FOLLOWING.

**RUSHING TO THE RIVER BANK,
ABEL'S HEART POUNDS WITH
FEAR AT THE ASTONISHING
SIGHT WHICH GREET'S HIM...**



**RIMA!
WHAT... IS
THAT?**

**A BLOCK
OF ICE! HERE...
IN THE JUNGLE?
WITH A MAN
ENCASED
WITHIN!**



**I WILL USE
MY KNIFE... TO
CRACK THE ICE
OPEN!**



**ONLY HE...
COULD TELL
US... HOW THIS
CAME TO BE!**

**IF... HE
IS STILL
ALIVE!**



**HE... IS
GONE...
FOREVER!**

RIMA'S DARK EYES VEIL
WITH SORROW...FOR LIFE
IS A PRECIOUS THING TO
THIS GIRL OF NATURE...

LET US
FOLLOW THE
CURRENT
UPSTREAM...
FROM WHENCE
THE DEAD MAN
WAS BORNE!

I SENSE...
A SINISTER,
EVIL FORCE,
ABEL! WE MUST
BE CAREFUL...

FURTHER UP
THE JUNGLE
ENSHROUDED
RIVER...

IT IS NO
USE, RIMA!
THERE IS
NOTHING HERE!
NOTHING... BUT
THE SILENT
TREES!

THE JUNGLE
IS NOT SILENT,
ABEL... FOR
ONE WHO
LISTENS!

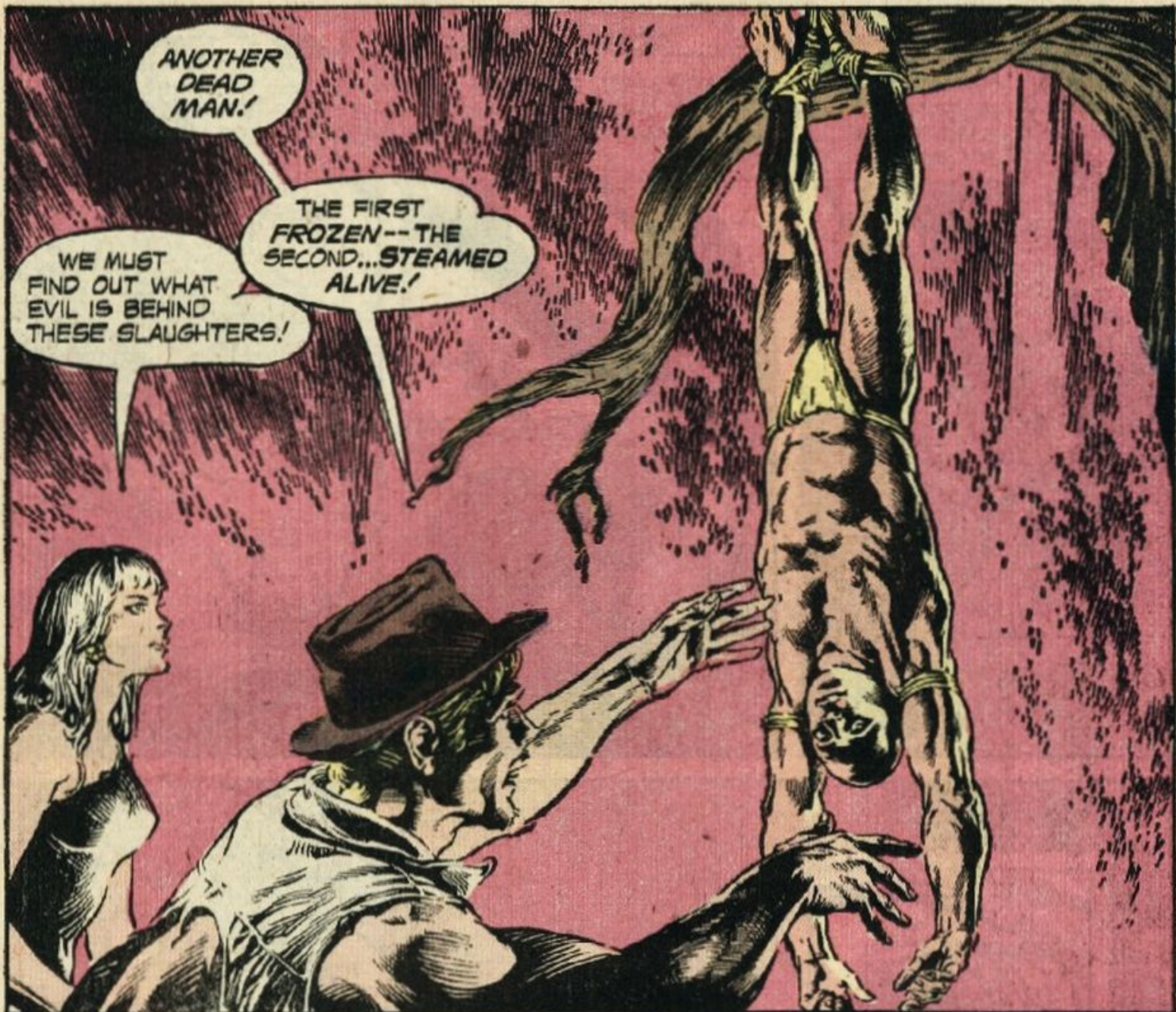
I HEAR
NOTHING,
RIMA!

THIS
WAY!

ANOTHER
DEAD
MAN!

THE FIRST
FROZEN--THE
SECOND...STEAMED
ALIVE!

WE MUST
FIND OUT WHAT
EVIL IS BEHIND
THESE SLAUGHTERS!



WE
MUST
BURY
HIM!

HE
SHOULD
NOT HANG
HERE...LIKE
CARRION!



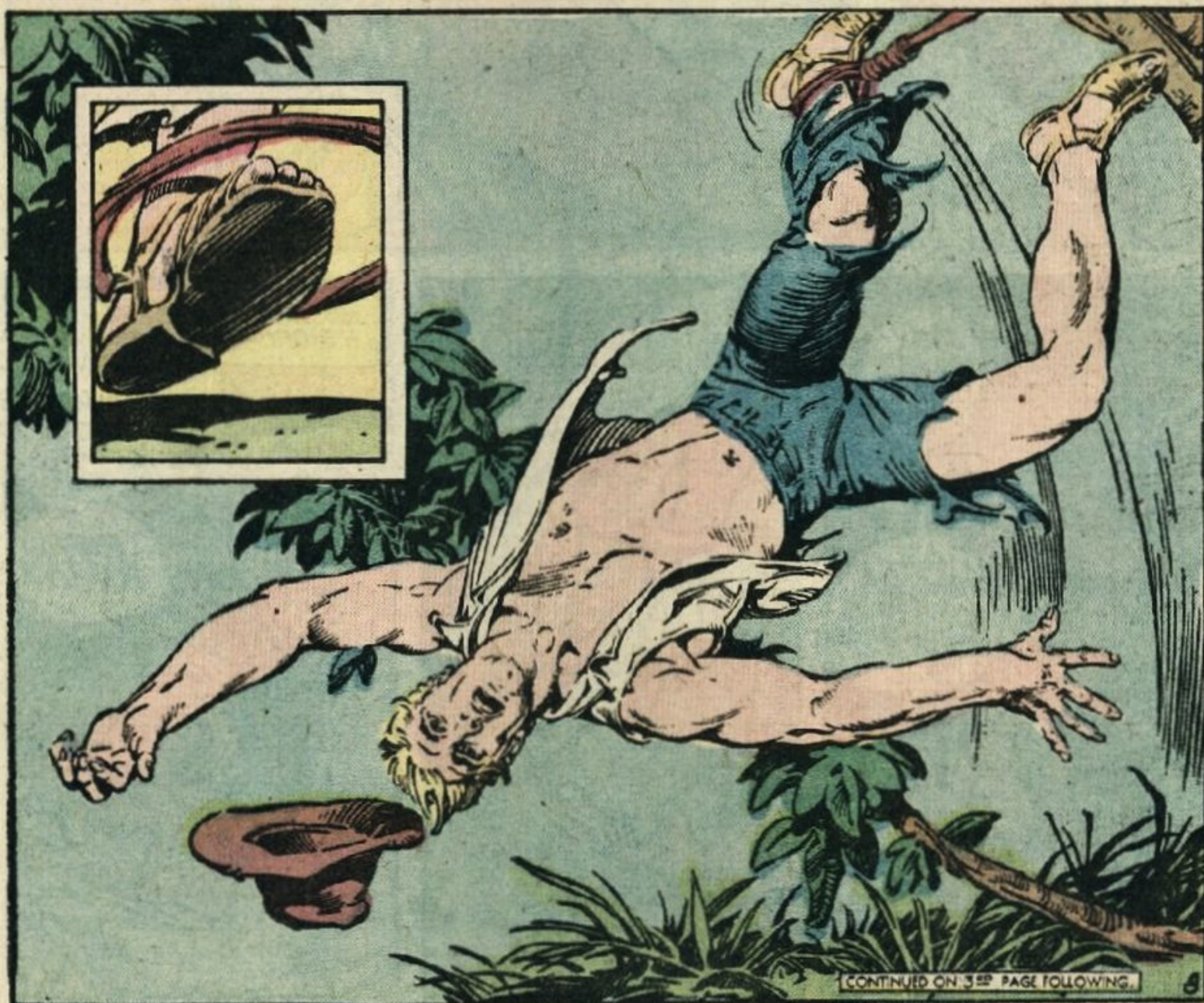
AS ABEL TURNS FROM
HIS DREADFUL TASK...

RIMA...
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

RIMA...
RIMA!



INTO THE SINISTER JUNGLE ABEL TRIES TO FOLLOW THE
ELUSIVE TRAIL OF RIMA... A TRAIL HAUNTING AS THE ECHO OF
TINKLING BELLS IN A DISTANT DREAM... HIS PASSAGE MARKED
BY SILENT CREATURES...



CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

MEANWHILE, RIMA'S TRILLING BIRD-LIKE SOUND ECHOES LIKE BELLS IN THE WIND... ANSWERED BY SAVAGE BEASTS OF THE ORINOCO WILDS...

I COULD NOT TELL ABEL... I HAD TO LEAVE HIM!

FOR HIS OWN SAKE...

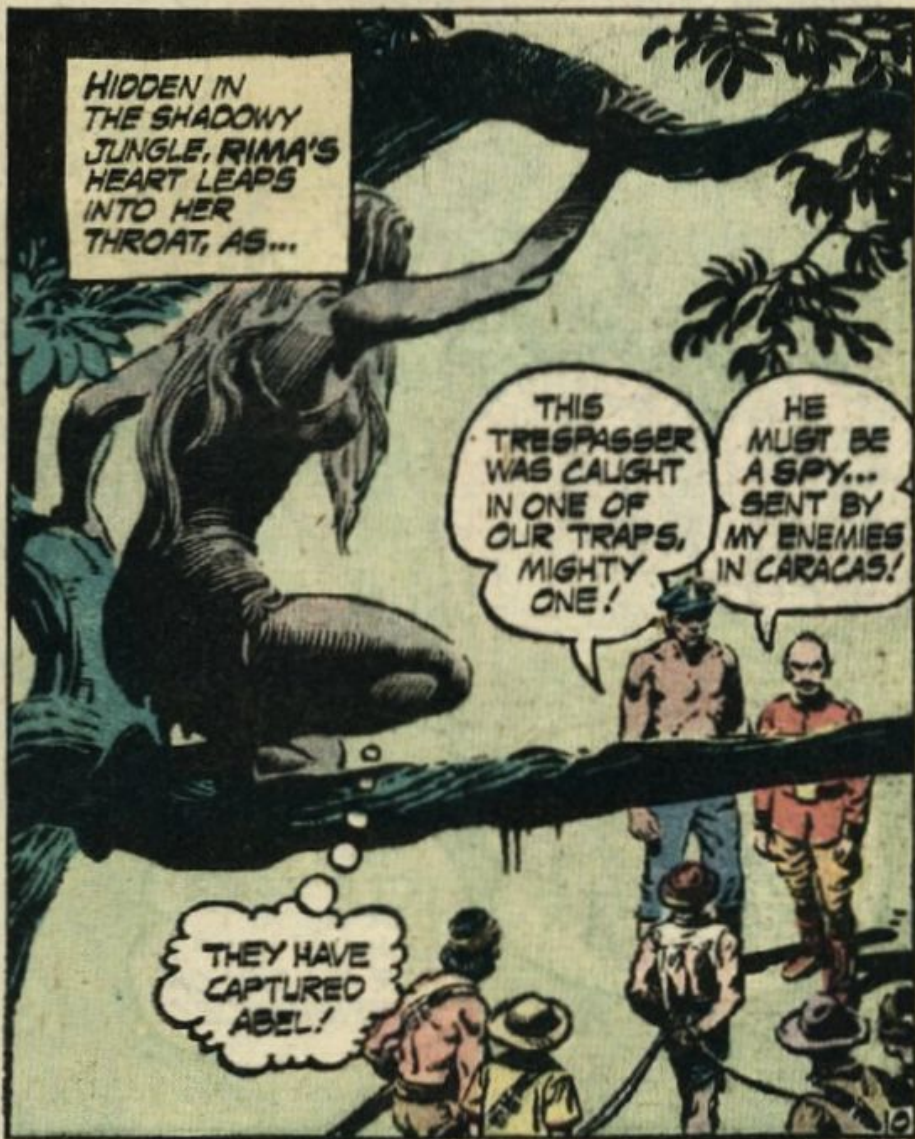
HIS LIFE WOULD BE IN DANGER... I KNOW!

FINALLY... RIMA IS GUIDED SILENTLY INTO THE BARK OF A HUGE TREE... OVERLOOKING A CLEARING IN THE DEEPEST RECESS OF THE JUNGLE...

THESE TWO PERISHED... DURING YOUR FROZEN WATER SURVIVAL TEST, DR. ZULLIO!

THROW THEIR CARCASSES IN THE RIVER, CAPITAN! THE INDIANS WHO FIND THEM WILL BE STRUCK BY FEAR OF THE DIDI!

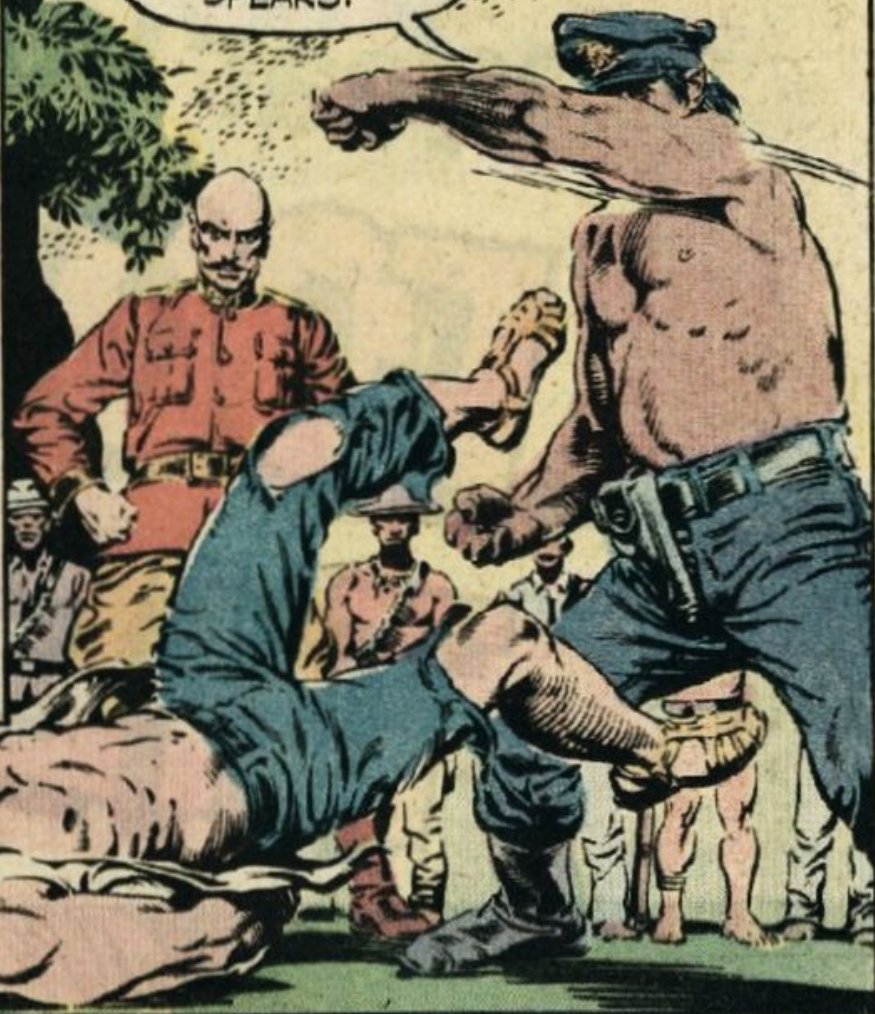
THEY WILL NOT DISCOVER OUR SECRET TRAINING CAMP... FOR MY DAY OF VENGEANCE!



WHO SENT YOU
HERE?

WHERE
IS YOUR
CAMP
HIDDEN?

ANSWER--
WHEN THE MASTER
SPEAKS!



SWIFTER THAN
A HEARTBEAT,
RIMA RESPONDS
TO THE THREAT
AGAINST THE
HELPLESS
PRISONER. SHE
HAS BUT ONE
COURSE... WHICH
SHE MUST FOLLOW!

RIMA--!
NO! STAY
AWAY--!

I AM
THE ONE
YOU
SEEK!

THE
JUNGLE
GIRL!

I HAVE
HEARD OF YOU--
BUT... I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A
MYTH...
CREATED BY
THE SUPERSTI-
TIOUS INDIANS!



MY ENEMIES IN CARACAS IMPRISONED ME...IN AN **INSANE ASYLUM**... TO END MY SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS! BUT-- I ESCAPED INTO THE JUNGLE... FROM WHENCE MY **VENGEANCE** WILL BE VISITED UPON THEM!

DID THEY SEND YOU... TO TRACK ME DOWN?

WE KNOW **NOTHING** OF WHAT YOU SPEAK...



LET THESE TWO **DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES!**

RIMA... IF IT WERE NOT FOR **ME**...YOUR LIFE WOULD NOT BE IN JEOPARDY NOW!

IF YOU ARE IN DANGER, ABEL... I SUFFER THE SAME PERIL!

ONLY WHEN THE EARTH CLOSES OVER YOU, WILL I BE CERTAIN THAT MY ENEMIES WILL NEVER FIND ME...

UNTIL I UNLEASH AT THEM THE INVINCIBLE TROOPS THAT HAVE SURVIVED MY TESTS!



FROM RIMA'S LIPS... MUSICAL NOTES LIKE SILVER BUBBLES... ARE WAFTED AWAY BY THE WHIRLING WIND...



IN ANSWER TO THE
WINDSONG OF RIMA...
THE TREES COME
ALIVE IN THE FORM
OF UNDULATING COILS
AND BARED FANGS!

THE EVIL
ENCHANTRESS
IS SUMMONING
THE BEASTS OF
THE WILD!

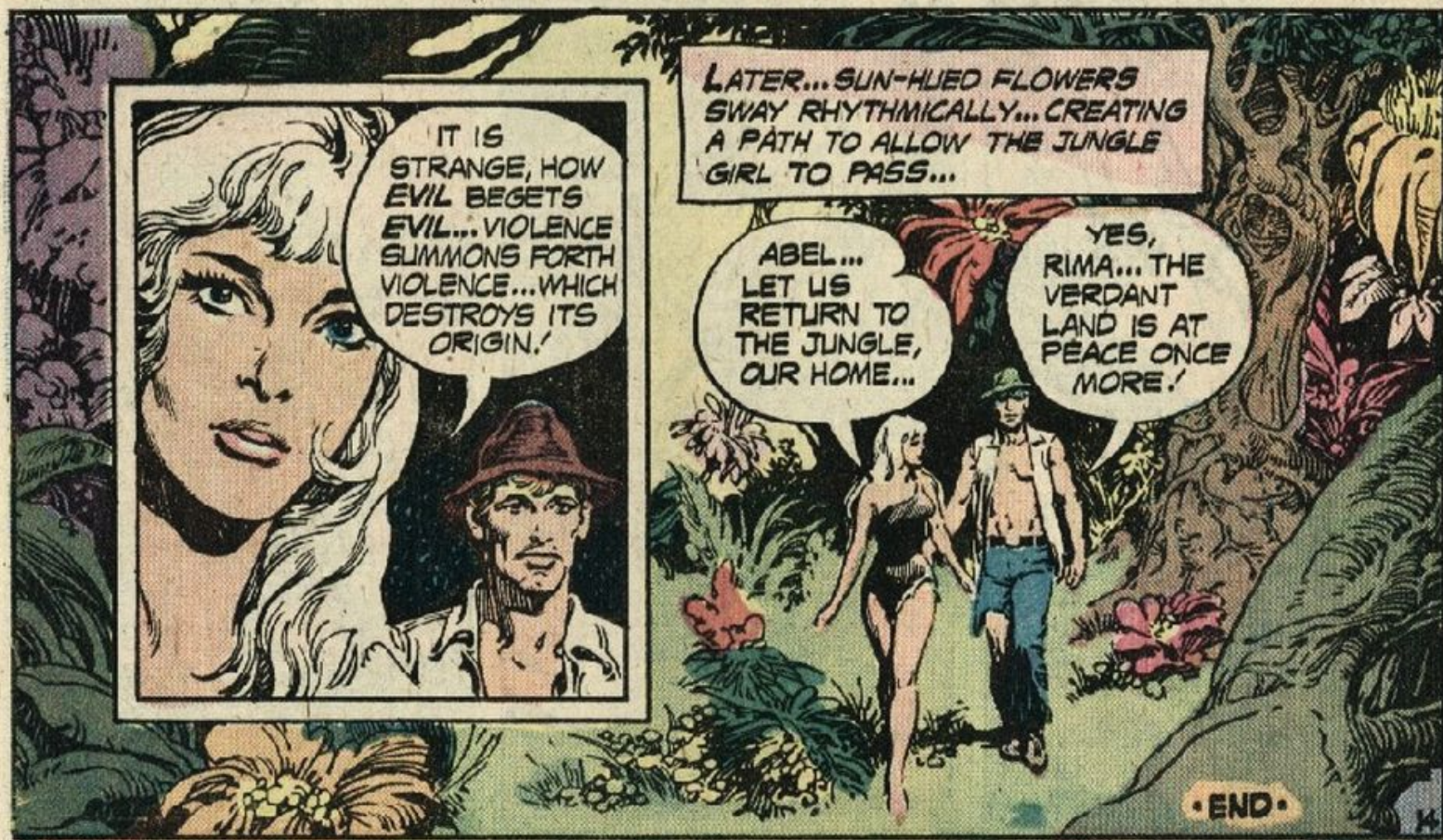
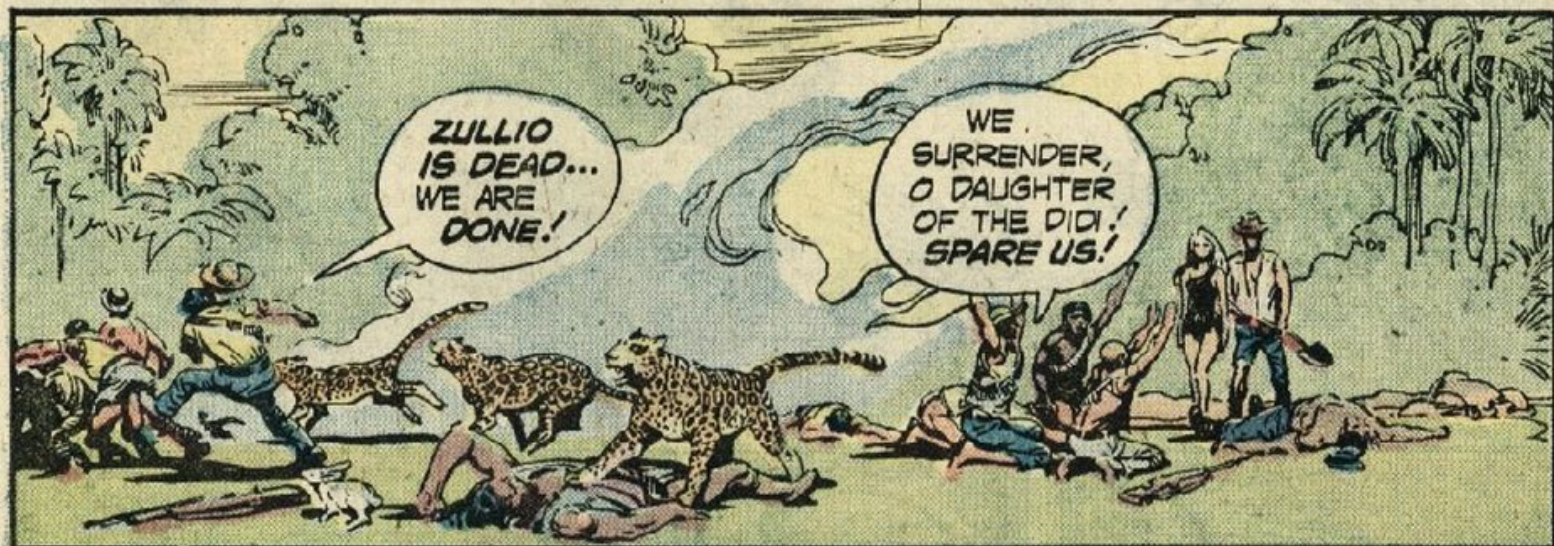
SLAY
HER!

KRANG

I HAVE
THE
WITCH!

SUDDENLY... BOUNDING
INTO THE CLEARING
AMID COUGHING SNARLS
AND DISTENDED CLAWS...

BUT THE MADMAN'S RUSH ENDS IN HIS OWN DESTRUCTION... AS HE TRIPS OVER ONE OF THE JUNGLE'S MOST TIMID CREATURES... ONLY TO BE CAUGHT BY THE JUNGLE ITSELF!



• END •

MESSAGES FROM THE DIDI



Dear Joe:

Please believe me; this is not an attempt to turn your lettercol into "True Confessions," but there's something I have to tell you. I'm in love with Rima the Jungle Girl!

I guess I knew it . . . felt it . . . from the first issue. The flowing blonde hair, the delicate features, the glowing eyes, the oneness with the world around her; there was no way I could resist being drawn into her web. And so I'm hooked on her, but good. Life is difficult without her birdlike trill. I dream of the day you can make the magazine a **WEEKLY**!

I can't help it. It's my frail human heart against the larger-than-life pen of Nestor Redondo. A curse on you for being so talented at my expense.

And so I await your next issue. But hurry . . . I don't think I can go too much longer without seeing her again! Your lovesick friend,

Steve Savino, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Steve:

By return mail we are sending you a carefully wrapped, birdlike trill . . . and a subscription form for **RIMA**.

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Dear Joe:

A few comments on the first three issues of **RIMA**. Artistically, you couldn't have made a better choice than Nestor Redondo. His particular blend of definition and muted action, his smoothness and depth, seem to reflect the personality of **RIMA**. She is not, as I at first feared, a female **TARZAN**. She is a being of peace, at one with nature, to which she bears a much closer relation than any human.

Really, the only thing that has bothered me so far has been the covers. They just don't have anything much to do with the stories. I realize the intent is to sell comics, but perhaps in the future you'll be able to stick a little more to the story-line in doing so.

In the second and third issues particularly, you have been heading closer to capturing **RIMA**'s personality on the covers, which is a step in the right direction.

Good luck in future issues. I'm with you all the way, and I'm looking forward to when you'll really take off with **RIMA** and head into the limitless future.

Louis Latzer, St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Louis:

You're Right about Nestor Redondo! As for taking off into the future . . . hope you enjoy The Space Voyagers in this, and every issue of **RIMA**!

.

Dear Joe:

There have been a lot of exceptional **ARTISTS**

in comics in the past, as opposed to cartoonists. In the newspaper comic-strips there are Winsor McKay, Alex Raymond, Burne Hogarth and Hal Foster. In the comic-books there are Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Wally Wood, Neal Adams, Frank Brunner, Barry Smith, Jim Steranko and Berni Wrightson.

Up 'till now, D.C. has had few of these great artists. Sure, you've had many great cartoonists, men who could tell a great story. But they weren't really **ARTISTS** in my sense of the word.

Now D.C. can claim that it has the **GREATEST** artist in comics today. I'll give you a hint as to who he is: He is an Edgar Rice Burroughs fan from the Phillipines; and he has a brother, Virgilio, who's a pretty great artist in his own right. Can you guess? He's Nestor Redondo! Nestor, take a bow. You may now step on to the pedestal with the other great comic artists of all time!

Todd Goldberg, West Caldwell, New Jersey

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Dear Joe:

I have decided, after reading the first three issues of **RIMA THE JUNGLE GIRL**, that she has no potential.

She does **NOT** have potentially good art; it **IS** the best art in comics already. How can anyone improve on Nestor Redondo? One can't! His jungle scenes are terrific . . . his panels detailing the relationships between **RIMA** and the animals are genuinely magical . . . as is the beautiful **RIMA** herself!

She does **NOT** have potentially good scripting; it **IS** the best in that field already. But of course, how could it be otherwise? You are dividing the novel into chapters as fluidly and brilliantly as you did with **TARZAN**.

The magazine does **NOT** have a potentially good back-up feature; it **IS** good already, and a lot of fun besides. Alex Nino is the perfect, surrealistic complement for the smooth, realistic Redondo, and the stories give the magazine a variety, too.

She does not have a potentially exciting future . . . it **IS** exciting; wildly so! I have read the novel many times, but seeing it in a graphic display such as this leaves me thrilled, and in anxious anticipation of the next issue.

No, **RIMA THE JUNGLE GIRL** has no potential. She started out, and remains, the most beautifully put-together magazine on the stands. Potential? Bah! Who could **ASK** for more than **RIMA**?

Bob Rodi, Oak Brook, Illinois

Dear Bob:

Your letter has no potential, either . . . But it **IS** most welcome.

—Allan Asherman
Editorial Assistant